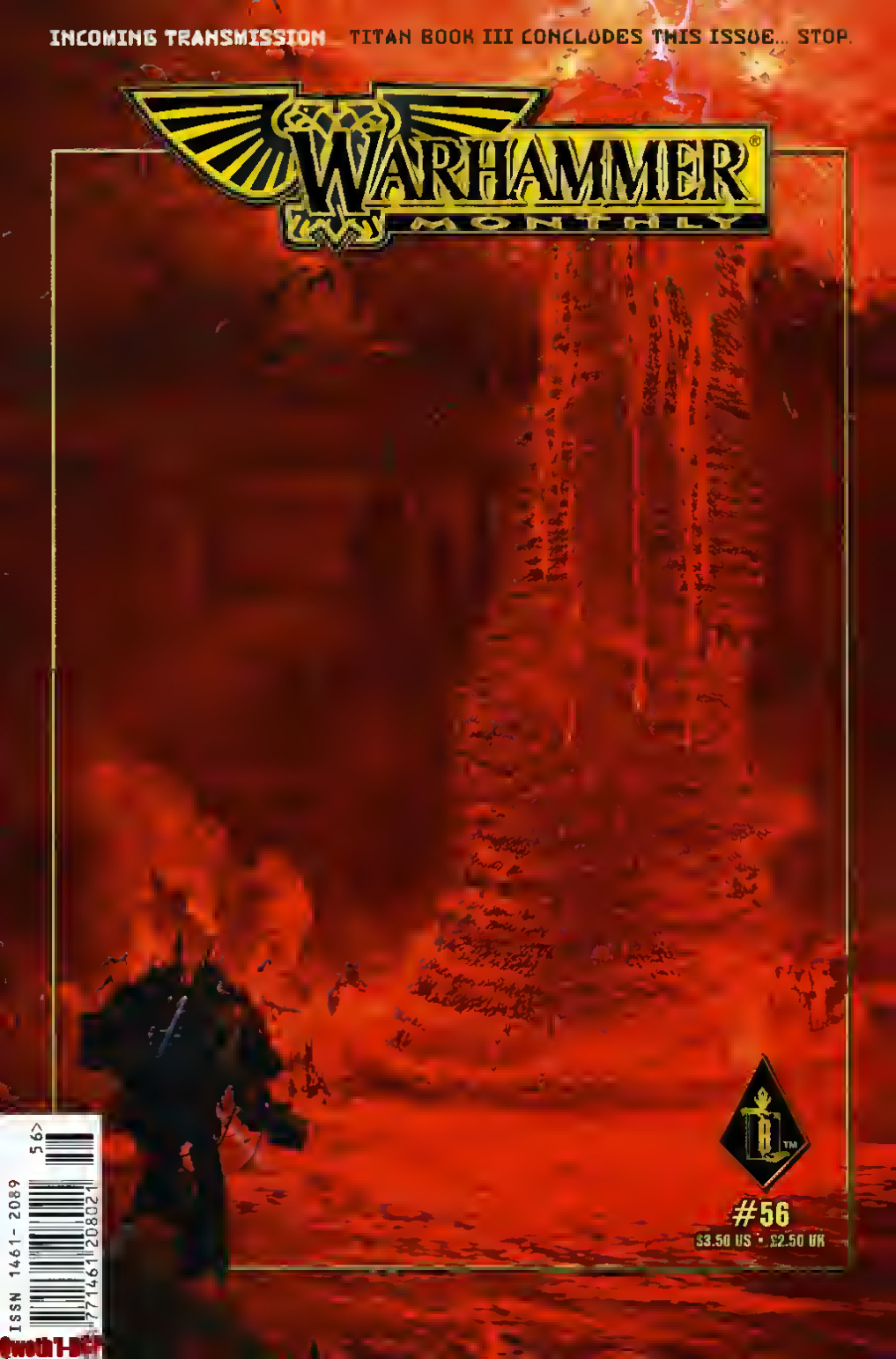
INCOMING TRANSMISSION... TITAN BOOK III CONCLUDES THIS ISSUE... STOP.

WARHAMMER® MONTHLY



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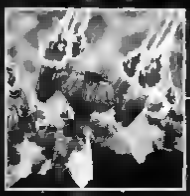
I always get a bit dewy eyed when one of our ongoing strips comes to an end and just recently it's been a bit of a blubberfest around here with four series reaching the end of their current runs in the past few months. But every cloud has a silver lining as they say and ongoing series ending gives us the chance to welcome back old friends and make a few new ones. Cloten and Lysander are already back in action and on the trail of their battle brother, Leonatos. Lone Wolves, which debuted back in issue 53, is back with more tales of the enigmatic lost Space Wolves company and Hellbrandt Grimm will be seeing out the rest of the year on the trail of *Some Swift and Brutal Hand*. Kal Jerico embarks on his biggest adventure yet in *Above & Beyond* which kicks off this issue but, not to be outdone, his malodorous sidekick Scabbs will be hooking up with the most unlikeliest of partners for some adventures of his own later in the year. Oh, and of course, when these storming strips end their runs it's time for the next books of Darkblade, Inquisitor and other old favourites. So, what am I snivelling about? Bring it on!

CHRISTIAN DUNN



TITAN

In the warp-rift hell of vector 77, Imperius Dictatio must make the ultimate sacrifice to prevent a world from dying.

BLOODQUEST

Exiled Blood Angels, Cloten and Lysander, take their first perilous steps on the path to damnation

OF ANCIENT BLOOD

In the wilds of Sylvania a feral vampire leaves a trail of carnage but will Helmar kill or cure the woman he once called his lover?

KAL JERICO

An unwelcome family reunion and plenty of mayhem – is on the cards as Kal Jerico goes *Above & Beyond!*

DISPATCHES:

Speaking of Lone Wolves (bet that confused you if you haven't read the editorial yet), series artist Karl Richardson is hard at work on a cover for a forthcoming issue of Warhammer Monthly. We've got Karl under lock and key until he gets it finished but Imperial spies did manage to escape with this early work in progress.

GAMES WORKSHOP

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PRINCEPS TO ENGINE ROOM! MAIN POWER, IF YOU PLEASE!
ENGINE ROOM, AYE! YOU HAVE MAIN POWER!
TITAN
COLD STEEL
MODERATI VOSS ARM THE BATTERIES! RAISE SHIELDS!
TACTICIAN ZYGO... PLOT FIRING SOLUTIONS!
BATTERIES ARMED! SHIELDS UP!
COORDINATES PLOTTED AND LOCKED!
HEKATE TO BROTHER TITANS... ARE YOU WITH US?
AYE.
STANDING BY!
AYE, HEKATE!
WE ARE READY!

SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT • ART: ANTHONY WILLIAMS • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

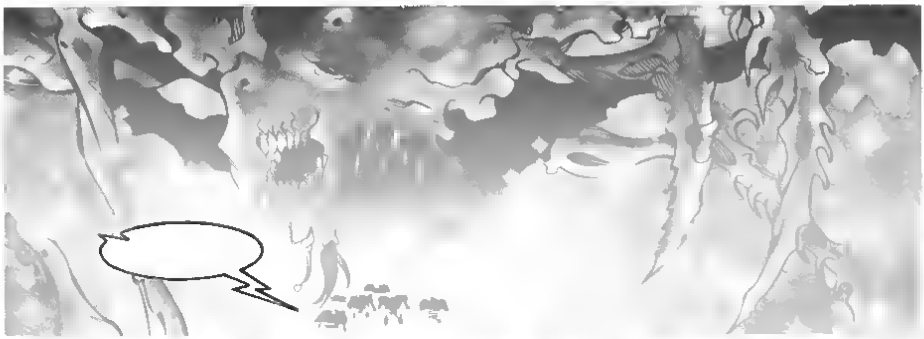
ADVANCE! FOR THE EMPEROR, ADVANCE!
WE ARE GIANTS OF WAR. GOD MACHINES. BUT ON THIS DAY, EVIL DWARFS US.
EVIL, MANIFESTED AS A MOUNTAIN OF CORRUPT FLESH
EVIL THAT EXTRUDES ITS FILTHY MASS INTO OUR UNIVERSE THROUGH A RIP IN REALITY.
CHAOS EVIL
DAEMON EVIL

WHAT CAN WE HOPE TO DO, HEKATE?
WHAT WE ALWAYS DO, PRINCEPS JUKA, WHAT WE DO BEST
FIGHT
EVEN OVER THE VOX-PICT LINK I CAN HEAR THE TREMOR OF FEAR IN MY BROTHER PRINCEPS'S VOICE
WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST SUCH A PRIMEVAL GIANT?
FIRE EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT

DIRECT HITS! ALL WEAPONS SCORED DIRECT HITS!
BUT... NOTHING, PRINCEPS WE DIDN'T HARM IT AT ALL. I THINK ALL WE DID WAS...
"...MAKE IT ANGRY!"
IT SPITS FORKED BEAMS OF WARP-FURY AT US GRYPHONNE INDOMITUS AND MAGISTER BELLUS DIE INSTANTLY.

ALL HANDS! BRACE FOR SHOCKWAVE!
UGHN!
WHAT NOW, PRINCEPS?
I'M THINKING, MODERATI...
THINKING OF NOTHING. MY MIND'S A BLANK. WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST A BEHEMOTH THAT SOAKS UP THE WORST WE CAN THROW AT IT?
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT, ZYGO?
PRINCEPS?
I'VE REAPPRAISED THE TARGET RESULTS WE DID DAMAGE IT. IT DIDN'T EVEN FEEL OUR ENERGY WEAPONS, BUT OUR SOLID AMMUNITION VAPORISED WHAT IT HIT
SHOW ME!
THE EFFECT WAS MINUSCULE, BUT IT'S THERE
OUR METAL HURT IT. THE METAL OF OUR SHELLS. LIKE AN ALLERGIC REACTION. ITS WARP-SPAWNED MATTER CAN'T STAND THE TOUCH OF HUMAN-FORGED STEEL.
BROTHER'S SWITCH TO SOLID AMMO ONLY! WE CAN-
NO, SIR! I'VE RUN A SIMULATION..

EVEN IF ALL THE REMAINING TITANS EXPEND THEIR ENTIRE ON-BOARD LOADS OF SOLID MUNITIONS, IT WON'T BE ENOUGH
I ESTIMATED WE'D ONLY DESTROY ABOUT FIVE PERCENT OF ITS MASS
INDEED
I SEE
IF COLD-STEEL IS THE ONLY THING THAT WILL HARM THIS ABOMINATION OR DRIVE IT BACK...
..THEN THAT'S WHAT WE GIVE IT
THIS IS PRINCEPS HEKATE TO ALL TITANS. ADVANCE ON THE PIT. MAXIMUM POWER
ADVANCE AND DO NOT FALTER.
THE VERY BODIES OF OUR MACHINES ARE ANATHEMA TO IT.
ADVANCE!



REPORT FROM DIVISIONAL RECONNAISSANCE TO IMPERIAL COMMAND, ARTEMIS WARZONE My Lord Generals, recon passes have confirmed that the Warp-space breach at vector 77 has been sealed entirely, and no remnant of the incursive Chaos-form remains. We surmise that the Adeptus Mechanicus Battlegroup deployed to that location successfully combated and forced shut the warp-breach. However, it is my sad duty to report that no trace of that Battlegroup now remains

END

CHAOS INVASION.
WITH THE BEACHHEAD SECURE THE FORCES OF CHAOS SPREAD OUT ACROSS THE PLANET WITH TERRIFYING SPEED, DESTROYING ALL BEFORE THEM.
ONE BY ONE EACH CITY, EACH STRONGHOLD, FALLS TO THE INVADERS.
BLOODQUEST III
3. The Heretic Path
SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE
ART: COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON
BUT THIS IS NO WAR OF CONQUEST OR SLAVE RAID. THE CRUSADE WARLORD HAS COMMANDED THAT ALL MUST DIE
FOR THE DOOMED INHABITANTS OF THIS WORLD, THERE WILL BE NO MERCY, NO CHANCE OF SURVIVAL.
AS TWO WARRIORS HIDING AMONGST THE CHAOS ARMY ARE ALL TOO WELL AWARE
HOW MUCH LONGER MUST WE KEEP UP THIS PRETENCE, BROTHER?

UNTIL OUR MISSION IS OVER, CLOTEN, WE MUST FIND AND RESCUE CAPTAIN LEONATOS.. UNTIL THEN NOTHING ELSE MATTERS.
CHAOS SCUM! YOU CAN KILL US ALL, BUT WE'LL TAKE SOME OF YOU WITH US!
BROTHER LYSANDER BEWARE-!
SUPERHUMAN SPACE MARINE REFLEXES, COMBINED WITH DEADLY ACCURACY AND SUPERIOR ADEPTUS ASTARTES FIREPOWER-
BRAK
THE END RESULT OF THIS BRIEF AND UNEQUAL DUEL WAS NEVER IN ANY DOUBT
CHOOM
HE DIED BRAVELY.. I WILL PRAY FORGIVENESS FOR HIS DEATH.
INDEED..
BUT WHAT OF THE LIVES OF THOSE HE DIED TRYING TO DEFEND?

THEY ARE SPACE MARINES. THEIR DUTY IS TO SERVE THE EMPEROR AND PROTECT HIS LOYAL SUBJECTS.
THE REFUGEES CANNOT ESCAPE, THEY BOTH KNOW. THE FORCES OF CHAOS ARE TOO MANY, AND TOO CLOSE BY-
SOULS SICK WITH REVULSION, BOTH BLOOD ANGELS KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE-
BROTHER LYSANDER-
FOR CAPTAIN LEONATOS, CLOTEN. NOTHING ELSE NOW MATTERS.
DEATH, SWIFTER AND MORE MERCIFUL THAN ANYTHING THE SERVANTS OF CHAOS COULD EVER OFFER.

JOYOUS KILLING RENEGADES, BUT YOU COULD HAVE BEEN LESS GREEDY AND SAVED SOME FOR THE REST OF US
OR KEPT A FEW ALIVE. AT LEAST WE NEED SOME SPORT FOR OUR VICTORY CELEBRATIONS TONIGHT!
MY APOLOGIES, LORD BALARAZAN
BUT WE WE'RE BLOOD ANGELS THE TAKING OF PRISONERS IS NOT IN OUR NATURE
WHEN WE FIGHT, WE KILL ALL BEFORE
HA! THEN IF IT IS KILLING YOU WANT, THEN THE LORD OF CHANGE SMILES UPON YOU, RENEGADE
THE ENEMY HAVE RETREATED BEHIND THEIR INNER DEFENCES. MY WARBANDS HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE HONOUR OF TAKING THIS LAST SURVIVING STRONGHOLD OF THE FOLLOWERS OF THE FALSE EMPEROR

I WANT YOU TO LEAD THE CHARGE RENEGADE. SHOW ME SOME OF THIS LEGENDARY BLOOD ANGEL SAVAGERY AND LEAD MY WARRIORS TO VICTORY!
LYSANDER...
NO, LET ME HANDLE THIS, CLOTEN.
YOU HONOUR US, LORD BALARAZAN. MY BROTHER AND I REJOICE AT THE NUMBER OF SOULS WE WILL SEND INTO THE WARP THIS DAY.
AN HONOUR HE CALLS IT. BUT HE KNOWS THIS FOR WHAT IT TRULY IS-
A TEST OF THEIR LOYALTY. OF THEIR SUPPOSED NEWFOUND DEVOTION TO THE SERVICE OF THE POWERS OF CHAOS.
THEY CHARGE FORWARD, WILLINGLY SURRENDERING THEMSELVES TO THE GENE CURSE MADNESS OF THE BLACK RAGE.
THEY TELL THEMSELVES THAT THOSE THEY KILL ARE ALREADY DOOMED, THAT THE DAMNATION THEY NOW RISK IS THE PRICE THEY MUST PAY FOR THE COMPLETION OF THEIR QUEST.

AFTERWARDS WILL COME THE ANGUISH AND THE GUILT THE PSYCHIC LEGACY OF THE PATRIARCH SANGUINIUS
BUT FOR NOW ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE BLOOD THIRST AND THE INSANE DESIRES THAT COME WITH IT!
RAAAAAGH!
YOU WISHED TO SEE ME, LORD BALARAZAN?
YOU FOUGHT WELL TODAY RENEGADE YOU DID NOT DISAPPOINT ME AND SO YOU WILL NOT GO UNREWARDED
I HAVE IMPORTANT NEWS YOU AND YOUR COMRADE ARE TO HAVE A GREAT HONOUR BESTOWED UPON YOU
HONOUR, MY LORD?
THE CRUSADE WARLORD COMMANDER HIMSELF IS ON HIS WAY HERE TO COMMEMORATE OUR CONQUEST OF THIS PLANET
HE WISHES TO MEET YOU RENEGADE THE FAVOUR OF LORD TZEENTCH IS INDEED UPON YOU
TO BE CONTINUED

Of Ancient Blood

Immortal Beloved

BUT THAT PARTICULAR DANGER HAD PASSED AND YET HERE HE WAS STILL TARRYING IN A LAND WHERE AT ANY MOMENT, HE MIGHT BE RECOGNISED FOR WHO AND WHAT HE WAS
HE KNEW HE WAS TAKING A TERRIBLE CHANCE
BAD ENOUGH TO HAVE RETURNED TO SYLVANIA AT ALL. WITH KATARINA'S LIFE AT STAKE WHAT ELSE COULD HE HAVE DONE?
A LAND WHERE, FOR ALL HE KNEW, HE COULD BE RIDING STRAIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF HIS ENEMIES.
A VAMPIRE, YOU SAY?
STOP!
IN THE NAME OF SIGMAR, I COMMAND YOU HALT!
TURN BACK, STRANGER. WORD HAS IT A VAMPIRE HAS BEEN SEEN HEREABOUTS
SWISH

Script Mitchel Scanlon • Art Paul Peacock • Letters Fiona Stephenson

HELMAR HARBOURED *LITTLE* IN THE WAY OF LOVE FOR HIS OWN KIND
NORMALLY, THE RUMOUR THAT WITCH HUNTERS WERE TRACKING A VAMPIRE IN THE FOREST OF SHADOWS WOULD HAVE BEEN MET WITH — AT BEST — POLITE *INDIFFERENCE*
EVEN WHEN IT WAS SAID TO BE THE *SAME* VAMPIRE THOUGHT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MASSACRE OF A BANDIT GANG NEARBY
(ALTHOUGH, THE THOUGHT OF *ANOTHER* BEING PUNISHED FOR CRIMES HE HIMSELF HAD COMMITTED MIGHT HAVE OCCASIONED SOME *SMALL* AMUSEMENT)
BUT SNATCHES OF GOSSIP OVERHEARD IN A LOCAL TAVERN HAD CONVINCED HIM HE *KNEW* THE VAMPIRE IN QUESTION
KNEW HER *WELL* ENOUGH TO SUDDENLY DESERT HIS WIFE WHILE, AT RISK OF HIS OWN DESTRUCTION, HE WENT RACING OFF INTO THE NIGHT
DRAWN THERE BY THE *GHOST* OF A LOVE LONG LOST
AND THE *MEMORY* OF THE *BOND* HE HAD ONCE SHARED WITH *IRINA VON CARSTEIN*...
A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, MY LOVE?

OR PERHAPS A SHILLING?
MY THOUGHTS ARE YOURS ALREADY, IRINA. YOU KNOW THAT THOUGH, SOME MIGHT THINK YOUR REMARK IN POOR TASTE...
TO OFFER SILVER TO A VAMPIRE? GRANTED, BUT YOUR FACE WAS SO GLOOMY, MY LORD
WHILE NOW, AT LEAST
I CAN SEE THE FIRST GLIMMERINGS OF A SMILE
YOU WERE THINKING OF THE PEASANT WOMAN, WEREN'T YOU - THE ONE YOU LET ESCAPE?
YOU SAW..?
A DANGEROUS ACT OF KINDNESS, MY LOVE. ONE WHICH OTHERS MIGHT TAKE FOR WEAKNESS ESPECIALLY WHEN OUR FATHER IN-BLOOD'S INSTRUCTIONS WERE SO VERY CLEAR
NO SURVIVORS
DAMN LEOPOLD AND HIS ORDERS AND DAMN HIS GET, TOO DAMN THEM ALL TO HELL ALL BUT YOU AND I
I FEAR YOU ARE TOO LATE, MY LOVE. WE ARE ALREADY DAMNED AND, AS FOR HELL?
HELL LIES WITHIN US
HELL LIES ALL AROUND US
OSTENSTADT

HELL LIES WITHIN US
HELL LIES ALL AROUND US.
WAIT! I KNOW YOU
-VAMPIRE!
M MERCY
MERCY BROTHER HELP ME
ON MANY OCCASIONS IN THE CENTURIES SINCE HELMAR HAD BEEN GIVEN PAUSE TO CONSIDER THOSE WORDS
SKETCH
FACE ME, CREATURE! FACE ME, AND I WILL SEND YOU TO HHHEUKK!!
THOUGH, PERHAPS NEVER MORE SO THAN AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT IN TIME
BUT, IF HELL LAY BEFORE HIM NOW, IT STILL LEFT ONE QUESTION UNANSWERED.

COULD IRINA HAVE DONE ALL THIS?
A QUESTION SWIFTLY FORGOTTEN AS, WITH A SCREAM, A BEAST LEAPT DEADLY FROM THE TREES
RRRRAAA-
-AAARRRGH!
SHLUSH!!
BUT THE QUESTION WOULD NOT BE DENIED IT WOULD HAVE ITS ANSWER, WHATEVER THE COST
SWEET DEATH
IRINA?
SHE CROUCHED HISSING IN THE SHADOWS A FERAL THING, RED OF TOOTH AND CLAW
HER BEAUTY THE SAME BEAUTY MEN HAD ONCE LIVED AND DIED FOR FOREVER MARRED BY THE BULLET OF SOME LONG DEAD WITCH HUNTER
HOW MANY NIGHTS HAD SHE SPENT LIKE THIS?
IRINA IT IS MELMAR DON'T YOU KNOW ME?
WE WERE LOVERS ONCE-

HUNTED LIKE A WILD ANIMAL. SLAVE TO AN APPETITE THAT KNEW NO BOUNDS.
SKRAAACH!
HOW MANY YEARS LOST IN THE BLOOD RED HAZE OF A HUNGER WITHOUT CONSCIENCE OR COMPASSION?
IT WAS THE VERY DEFINITION OF HELL AND FOR THE FIRST TIME HELMAR UNDERSTOOD
HELL LIES WITHIN US HELL LIES ALL AROUND US !
IRINA, PLEASE-
IT LIES WITHIN OUR EVERY STEP WITH EACH DECISION WE MAKE, EACH ACTION WE TAKE, AND EVERY CONSEQUENCE WE SUFFER
IN ALL OUR GOOD DEEDS AND ALL OUR BAD.
FORGIVE ME
IN EVERY FIGHT AND EVERY WRONG
SFSHHLUNK!
IN EVERY ACT OF LOVE

EPILOGUE
IT HAD BEEN A GOOD DAY.
ANOTHER PARASITE DESTROYED: ANOTHER NEST OF CORRUPTION ROOTED OUT.
OF COURSE, THE VILLAGERS HAD BEGGED AND PLEADED – THEY ALWAYS DID. BUT IGNORANCE WAS NO EXCUSE.
THEY HAD SHELTERED THE UNDEAD IN THEIR MIDST. THEY MUST PAY THE PRICE.
BESIDES, THEY WERE FREE TO REBUILD THEIR HOMES ELSEWHERE. AND, IF A FEW – THE OLD; THE INFIRM – PERISHED IN THE MEANTIME, SO MUCH THE BETTER.
THE EMPIRE ALREADY HAD TOO MANY USELESS MOUTHS.
THEN, AS HE WATCHED THE VILLAGE BURN, HE FELT AN OMINOUS TIGHTENING IN HIS CHEST.
SO LITTLE TIME...
WITCH HUNTER CAPTAIN?
WHAT IS IT, KLAUS?
A VAMPIRE, SIR. IN THE AREA OF THE FOREST OF SHADOWS. THE AUTHORITIES IN WALDENHOF HAVE REQUESTED YOUR ASSISTANCE.
HMM. TELL THE MEN TO SADDLE THEIR HORSES.
WE RIDE FOR SYLVANIA TONIGHT.
TODAY HAD BEEN A GOOD DAY.
AND, FOR JONAS FELL, TOMORROW PROMISED TO BE EVEN BETTER.
THE END

KAL JERICO IN ABOVE & BEYOND PART ONE

SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE • PENCILS: WAYNE REYNOLDS • INKS: RALPH HORSLEY • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

IN ALL THE UNDERHIVE, AND IN EVERY HIVE CITY ON EVERY HIVE WORLD THROUGHOUT THE IMPERIUM, THERE ARE TWO WORDS GUARANTEED TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE INHABITANTS THERE
ARBITES CULL! RUN FOR IT!
ARBITES CULL, WHEN THE BRUTAL LAWKEEPERS OF THE ADEPTUS ARBITES DESCEND IN FORCE INTO THE UNDERHIVE TO ENFORCE THE EMPEROR'S LAW AND KEEP IN CHECK THE LAWLESS POPULATION OF THE PLACE

MANY ARE JUST INDISCRIMINATELY GUNNED DOWN OR CLUBBED TO DEATH.
OTHERS ARE CAPTURED ALIVE, DESTINED TO BE USED AS SLAVE LABOUR IN THE HIVE FACTORIES OR SHIPPED OFF TO SERVE AS PRESS-GANG FODDER FOR THE IMPERIAL NAVY.
SO FAR IN HIS TIME IN THE UNDERHIVE KAL HAS SURVIVED THREE PREVIOUS CULLS.
HE HAS EVERY INTENTION OF SURVIVING THIS ONE TOO.
ZZAK!
CHUK!
KUNK
HELMAWR'S RUMP, MORE OF THEM! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!
THEN WE SPLIT UP.

...MORE CHANCE THAT WAY OF AT LEAST ONE OF US MAKING IT OUT OF HERE ALIVE.
WE'LL MEET UP BACK AT THE SUMP HOLE. LAST ONE THERE PAYS OFF THE BAR TAB.
ANOTHER RUNNER! COUPLE OF EXECUTIONER ROUNDS WILL SOON BRING HIM TO A HALT.
LEAVE HIM! DON'T FORGET WHAT WE WERE TOLD...
THAT'S JERICO, YOU FOOL. OUR ORDERS ARE JUST TO FLUSH HIM OUT OF HIDING AND HERD HIM IN THE AVIANT DIRECTION, REMEMBER...
AFTER THAT, IT'S UP TO SOMEONE ELSE TO DEAL WITH HIM.
WHAT THE SCAV-!

LISTEN..
FWAMM!
ZAK ZAK ZAK ZAK
KREEEEEEEEE!
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU PEOPLE ARE..
UUUUGH!
OR EVEN WHAT YOU ARE.

KRAAWWWWW!
BUT I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING...
EVEN AT THREE AGAINST ONE, YOU'RE STILL NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE ME
SO WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THERE ONLY BEING THREE OF US?
WOTAN' SUBDUE ONLY!
CAREFUL. I DON'T KNOW HOW THE TECH PRIESTS DID IT, BUT HE ACTUALLY SEEMS TO HAVE DEVELOPED A TASTE FOR HUMAN FLESH.
LUCKY FOR YOU, HIVE TRASH IS OFF THE MENU TODAY.

'YOU'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT UP-HIVE. CALL IT A FAMILY REUNION.'
MOTHER..?
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU WERE BACK ON NECROMUNDA I MEAN, HOW LONG-
I'M AN IMPERIAL INQUISITOR KAL. IT DOES NOT SERVE ME TO ADVERTISE MY MOVEMENTS OR WHEREABOUTS YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BY NOW
THEN I SUPPOSE I SHOULD FEEL HONOURED THAT YOU'VE MANAGED TO SPARE ENOUGH TIME FROM YOUR DUTIES TO SEE ME

CONSORTING WITH THE WORST KINDS OF HIVE TRASH, PASSING YOURSELF OFF AS A COMMON UNDERHIVE BOUNTY HUNTER.
YOU WERE ALWAYS A DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME BUT NOW YOU SEEM TO HAVE SURPASSED YOURSELF
IS THIS WHY I'M HERE? SO THAT YOU CAN LECTURE ME?
NO, I WANT TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO USE YOUR TALENTS FOR THE GOOD OF THE IMPERIUM FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE
I WANT TO HIRE YOU FOR A TASK I NEED DONE
I'VE NEVER PRETENDED TO BE A GOOD MOTHER, KAL. YOU KNOW THAT MY DUTY TO THE EMPEROR COMES BEFORE ALL ELSE
WE JERICOS HAVE A LONG AND PROUD TRADITION OF SERVICE TO THE IMPERIUM, A TRADITION YOU SEEM TO TAKE SUCH PRIDE IN BETRAYING
A BOUNTY HUNTING JOB? HERE UP-HIVE?
NOT BOUNTY-HUNTING, AND NOT UP-HIVE...
HIGHER THAN THAT, KAL. MUCH, MUCH HIGHER.
END OF PART ONE

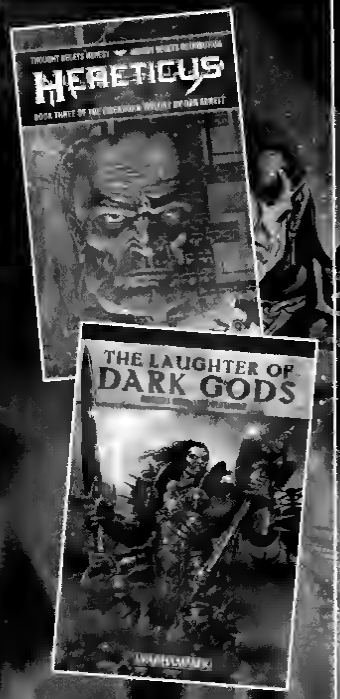
NEW FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY

Great news for fans of Inquisitor Eisenhorn, as this month sees the much-anticipated release of Hereticus – the concluding chapter in the Eisenhorn trilogy. The once zealous and puritanical inquisitor now walks a fine line between duty and damnation as his unorthodox methods unleash a monstrous foe. As old friends begin to turn their backs and question his loyalty, the aged inquisitor wonders whether he has indeed crossed the line. Dan Abnett once again proves why he is a master of his craft in this gripping finale to an excellent series.

This month also sees the release of The Laughter of Dark Gods, short stories from the classic anthologies set in the grim Warhammer world, where good and evil constantly battle for the souls of mankind. This novel includes the work of noted SF/fantasy authors William King (Space Wolf, Gotrek & Felix) and Brian Craig (The Wine of Dreams, Zaragoz).

As if that wasn't enough, Inferno! is as action-packed as always! The ever-busy Dan Abnett has penned a short Eisenhorn story, which sees the inquisitor battling against the unwitting agents of darkness on his home world of Gudrun. For the ork lovers amongst you, there is the long-awaited return of Deff Skwadron, as well as Liberation Day, a storming tale of human rebels and ork slavers set aboard a gigantic space hulk. Brian Craig also adds his talent with the excellent Matter of Evidence.

The Redeemer is here! In the first of four full colour action-packed comics, we follow the wrathful crusade of Klovis the Redeemer. Scripted by Pat Mills (Slaine, Nemesis the Warlock, Marshal Law), the story is dark and the humour is darker still.



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INCOMING

♦

♦♦ My thoughts about Issue 53...

LONE WOLVES: The Nids have clawed their way into WHM! Pity they were brutally massacred by those nasty, rough Space Wolves...

But seriously, the story and art intertwined to tell one heckuvve story. The bedraggled guardsmen marching onwards, ever interminably, over the endless ice wastes... the short 'n' informal dialogue... the chittering hordes... the movement (you just KNOW the gaunt's jinking THAT way)... the Lone Wolves illuminated in bright flashes of bolter fire...

Basically, it's more like a movie on paper than a comic strip.

DARKBLADE: Welcome return of the devious Druchii. Good points include the opening frames, Sarrien's despair, Darkblade's sort-of reconciliation with the Drachau, and the twist in the tale with Wormboy... sorry, I mean Severin.

THE WARHAMMER: Whenever I talk about a comic artist's work, I usually use the word 'art'. With Colin MacNeil, this was never more true! Each one of his frames is a fully-fledged illustration (though that word cheapens it somewhat) in it's own right.

And the story... the closing frame being a simile of the first is fantastic – choc-full of hidden messages. The Warhammer has truly been passed on. Or has it abandoned it's old owner for a new one?

NEXT ISSUE : Bloodquest III... Never saw Bloodquest I or II, but the prologue in issue #50 really whetted my appetite. Onwards to the Eye of Terror!

♦

♦♦ Verms, via the Black Library forum.

♦

♦♦ Kind words indeed, Brother Verms though with a name like that I suspect you are one of those vile Dark Eldar in which case you'll feel right at home with those murderous traitors Cloten & Lysander.

Sob... why boys, why?

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THE SWARMS HAVE TAKEN EVERYTHING.

I THINK WE'RE THE ONLY ONES LEFT ALIVE...

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